

The History of

And comes not in, over-ruled by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Merdake, Vernon, L. Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not ere the King
Dismishe his power, he meanes to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

Henry the Fourth.

As now we meete. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old uneasie limbs in ungentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe unknot
This churlish knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischief to the unborne times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turne your looks
Of favour, from my selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In Richards time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of Gant, Duke of Lancaster:
To this, we sware our ayde: but in short space
It rained down, Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

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